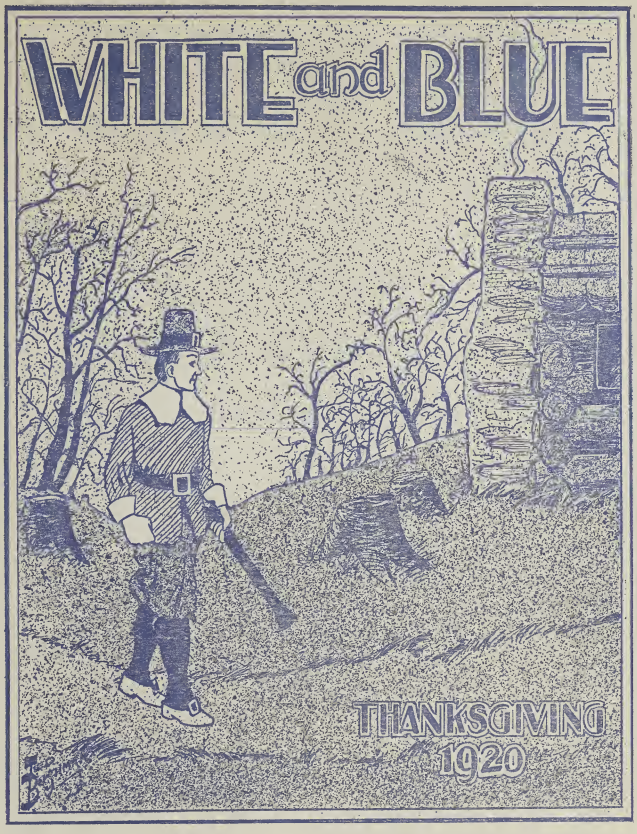
WHITE and BLUE
THANKSGIVING
1920

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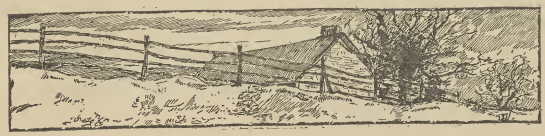
NO. 9 PROVO, UTAH, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1920 VOL. XXIV

The "Spirit of Thankfulness" Prays

The First Prize Thanksgivng Poem

By Wanda Boyack

Into a great broad thankful land
"The Spirit of Thankfulness" steals,
And down at the sanctified throne of the Christ
The "Spirit of Thankfulness" kneels.
An offering of gratitude unto the Lord
Ascends from her lips once again;
A song of thanksgiving and worshipful praise
A prayer to the Master of men:
"Oh, Lord; For the strength of thy merciful hand,
And for thy protection and care,
For the light of thy words and the great shield of right,
Thou hast given thy people to bear;
For the cities and homes and the wonderful land
Where Mercy and Justice hold sway,
For bounteous harvests from orchard and field.
Which safely are now stored away;
For the angel of peace who has spread her fair wings,
For Old Glory so gayly unfurled,
For the Goddess of Liberty holding her torch,
Inviting the love of the world.
For these I am happy and grateful, Oh Lord:
Accept of my thanks once again."
And in accents of glory a nation is heard
Repeating a reverent "Amen."



HOPE'S TREASURE

First Prize Thanksgiving Story

By Helen Candland

"Are you ready with your story for the program, Hope?" queried Neighbor Winngate as she dropped her shawl from her shoulder to the rough wooden bench on which she sat.

"Father Langford wishes to know that all is in readiness."

Hope's spinning wheel slowed under her retarding fingers as she whirled around and turned wondering eyes upon the questioner.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"You surely know—that you are to tell the story of the first thanksgiving this afternoon."

"Oh, Neighbor Winngate don't you know that I told them that I never could do that before such a big, big crowd. I should be so frightened," and Hope looked pale at the thought of it.

"I'm sorry dear child, that you have not time to prepare properly, but Hope Bradstreet would never disappoint the people of her village. Besides the Governor and perhaps the staff will be there."

Neighbor Winngate had not intended to provoke the alarm that spread over the girls face, but only to impress her with the importance of her part in the village celebration. She hastened to the frightened girl and folded the slight form in her sympathetic arms.

"My dear child, you have done it before, and so splendidly. The village loves you, so you could not disappoint them."

"That is it Neighbor Winngate, I am afraid I should—only four hours—I could not bear to do that when they have been so good to me."

"Do not let that trouble your pretty head. You have only to appear on the rostrum and they will read a sermon in those reverent blue eyes."

"Oh, but they don't love me for myself; they love me for my treasure, the beautiful amythyst beads the Queen gave me. The mayor must have forgotten Neighbor Winngate—he must have forgotten that I am lame." A flash of pain crossed her face and the little smile she managed was rather twisted and hopeless.

"Dear child, the mayor is very wise. He thought of all things and he chose just you."

Hope's mother, who had been watching her child's delemma with deep concern on a face which had showed signs of having met much deeper problems, now broke in.

"Are you forgetting," she chided, "that you wear the Queen's amythyst beads, have they no power to help you?"

The pain lines in hope's face softened, her eyes grew tender and her voice hopeful.

"The Queen's amythest beads. The Queen's Amythyst beads, she said when she gave them to me, that the great Father would help me as long as I wore them. Could she mean in times like this?"

"As they have helped you out of danger Hope," said her mother, "so many, many times, why not trust them in other ways?"

"Oh, she exulted, I had thought only of them helping me when I was in danger but they might——oh I know they can help me in the program to day."

"Of course they can, Hope," the neighbor reassured, "and as for your lameness, I shall myself tell the governor why you limp. But now let me be sure that I have the story correctly. It happened in London, your old home, did it not? A baby ran in front of the Queen's carriage, and then our little girl—"

"Our own little Hope," interrupted the mother proudly, "Our own little Hope ran into the street and caught the baby's dress and jerked her back. But she slipped. Oh, I could not look at it,"—and the mother covered her eyes at the memory of the child under the cruel wheels.

"But I did not mind it then," glowed the girl, because the Queen, the beautiful Queen herself gave me these wonderful beads right from her own lovely neck."

Hope gathered them lovingly into her palm and held them reverently against her glowing cheek. Then letting drip thru her fingers, she watched with a sort of happy awe the purple lights flash and disappear and then come on again.

Her reverie was broken by Delores Winngate, who gave her a parting kiss as she turned to leave.

"May the amythests guard you and help you today," she said tenderly. Then turning to Hope's mother she went on with more briskness.

"The platform is yet to be decorated, neighbor Bradstreet, would it be possible for you to come with me now and help with it? The governor will come soon and it must be finished before he arrives."

"Of a surety, I will come with you good neighbor. Hope, you can make the house ready and follow after you have had your lunch. Now, dear, do

Some bad Indians might have been attracted by the celebration."

As soon as she was alone Hope grabbed the brush broom and gouged into the cracks of the rough slab floor. . She paused occasionally, leaning on her knotted broomstick, and mumbled fragments of her growing theme. In her abstraction her fingers sought her beads and nervously twisted them with a violence incomparable with the reverence of her conscience moments. Her fingers detected a loosened clasp which she hastened to repair with a homespun thread. Then she laid them away, in a basket on the rough mantle piece.

The house set in order, Hope put on her gray home-spun dress, her daintest white cap and apron and her whitest collar and cuffs. The sand in the hour glass said there was still time to rehearse her part. She stood before the fire place with her hands locked. The satisfaction growing in her face, revealed that her thoughts were taking final form. Suddenly she stiffened and stood listening.

Slowly and mechanicly, as if compelled by some force rather than her own she turned around. Her eyes large with terror, raised painfully, until they met squarely the evil black eyes of the great hated chief, Eagle Feather.

"Huh," he grunted "you my pap-oose."

Hope caught her breath and leaned for support against the rough rock fire place. The chief folded his arms and watched her with a sardonic grin and a keen enjoyment of her helpless discomfort.

There was not a vestage of color in her face and her ivory lips were parted and dry. She watched the Indian slink around the room, her eyes fascinated by the gleam of his hunting knife. He was searching, now in her mother's treasure box, and finding nothing of value, he whirled wrathfully on the girl his upper, lip raised not take a short cut to the square, in a hideous snarl.

Hope raised her hands to her choking throat to relieve the pain there, and realized for the first time that she didnot have her beads.

If she could only get them! She moved stealthily nearer the basket. If the chief saw her he would draw his hunting knife, but after she once got the beads he could not harm her. Slowly and very cautiously she raised her arm. Now her hand touched the basket. She felt the cold perfection of the fateful beads under her fingers. She took them in her hand and lifted them from the basket. They were hers.

As she slipped them over her neck, a deep calm rested upon her. Now she was safe!

The Indian whirled around ready to resume the sport of terrifying the girl, but Hope was unafraid. Perfeedy assured she drew herself up to what seemed more than normal heighth, and stood as proud and defiant as an avenging angel. Before her fearless gaze the Indian's glance wavered, struggled a moment, and fell. A moment more and he slunk from the cabin. He was completly cowed and subjected. Hope touched her hand to her beads and walked out of the house calm and unafraid.

Toward the village Spuare she hurried. Faster and faster went her irregularly flying feet. She must get there in time to take her part on the program. Her breath came in gasps, but that was no matter. She would keep her word, that was the important thing. She could see the gray and black figures of the people crowding around the platform. Perhaps they were waiting for her. She reached the platform and someone lifted her upon it, flushed and panting with her exertion; trembling, but still confident.

Her name was called and she limped to the center of the stand. There was not a whisper not a sound. Only a hush, deep and pulsating. Hope's eyes were shining and her cheeks were flushed with the light of her sincerity.

She concluded her story of the first thanksgiving with these comments: "These people who had suffered and sorrowed together, rejoiced and celebrated together. One of the significances of that first Thanksgiving, was its spirit of brotherhood. 'Four men,' said Governor Bradford in his account, "were appointed to get the fowl. The Indians came loaded with Venison. Everyone did his share. Priest and pauper, master and servant, white man and savage they all came together, furnished and feasted and rejoiced. It was not what they had, but the fact that they shared it.

Her hands went to her neck to feel the benediction of the beads, but her fingers found only her throbing throat. The beads were gone!

She gasped and stared! She could not believe it. She looked from her heaving bosom to the rostrum about her. Gone! She could not say another word, but turned to flee.

There was a wondering murmur in the audience. The governor understood. He rose and caught her in his arms, then turning to the audience he explained, "You all know the story of the beads. Her trust in their power has given us this beautiful interpretation of the first thanksgiving. She accomplished that not knowing the beads were gone." He turned with delight and approval toward the trembling girl.

"It was not the magic of your treasured beads," he said, "but the magic of a far greater treasure—your faith—which gave you the power. It is that treasure which makes you our own little Hope for whom we are all thankful today. Preserve that faich and have confidence in yourself, my child, for therein lies the magic of all achievement."

The Team's Thanksgiving.

Second Prize Thanksgiving Story

By Lorna Bagley

"How's Harv?" Tom's head peeked through the crack in the door.

The coach came out where the boys were standing anxiously grouped about the door of the Doctor's consulting room.

"Can't tell yet, he's still unconscious. We won't know what's the matter until he comes to. We don't think any bones are broken, but—— well, all we can do is wait."

Coach Kennedy, affectionately called "The Old Man," rejoined the doctor.

The boys of the team talked in lowtones as they waited impatiently in the anteroom. All but Harv were in trim condition for the Thanksgiving game.

"Just think, fellows, it has been four hours and he is still unconscious!"

"Yes, and if Harvy don't play tomorrow there'll be no championship for the R. H. S."

"Oh, Brown's a pretty good sub, We'll get it easy."

"Why lookee here, Jim Hales don't you know that Cameron's got the best full back in this state?"

"They don't know our man."

"No you bet they don't."

"Oh, baby! That was sure some playing Harv did today. And when he went down it was all in a heap. They about did him up alright."

"Did you see the old man then? He looked like he was about ready to croak. Everyone thinks he is so hard and cold. They don't think he cares just because he always looks so gruff."

"We know tho, when I see that funny little twinkle in his eye I know all is well, but when that jaw of his squares, it's look out for somebody."

"He'll think its his fault if Harv is seriously hurt."

"Say did they send a telegram to his sister? The two of them are all alone you know. And tomorrow is Thanksgiving day."

"She's staying with my sister while were up here. Mon thinks the world of Mary. She always is so brave and cheerful.

"Yes, sir, I can just see her sitting on your window seat, all solemn and still with that look of haunting pain in her eyes. We know how we feel boys. What do you think she'd do if something did happen to Harv?"

"Let's send a telegram first thing in the morning whether—

The office door slowly opened. Every face turned that way. Mingled expressions of hope and fear; of wanting to know, yet not daring to receive the news flashed over somewhat dazed faces. The air was heavy with suspense and feeling. The coach entered, stern eyed. He was keying himself to be the coach and not the man. One glance at these boyish faces so filled with concern about their comrade and his heart melted. A pale smile crept to his lips and he said hoarsely:

"Were there ever any boys in all the world like mine. We've only been together three yars, but the friendship that has grown up between us is almost devine to me. Boys I'll carry a picture of your faces as they are now in my heart all my days.

"Now for business. They've made your beds in the gym. I want you to go in and go to sleep. There isn't a thing you can do and you have got to get your rest if we're to take any laurels back with us. It's a fight tomorrow as you all know."

"But——————

"Yes, I promise to wake you if any thing goes wrong. That boy sure has got me going. When I say, 'Get up! Harv! Walk! Rub yourself! walk!' he does it, but as soon as I stop he falls in a heap and we can't move him. His body is so disciplined that it moves almost automatically."

The boys had learned obedience to the verry letter and silently they trailed into the gymnasium. Silently they prepared for bed and each breathed a prayer that night in which Harv, the Old Man, Home, and Mary were peculiarly blended.

About 9:30 that night the Coach looked in and stood watching his boys, his boys whom he loved so dearly and of whom he was, oh, so proud! The old half smile was back in the corner of his mouth for he had left Harv sleeping quietly.

The sun was just peeping over the mountains when Harv awoke the next morning. He looked around him in blank surprise. "How'd I get to bed in here? Where's Mary? Well if there isn't the old man on that couch. I wonder what's the matter?" Thus he mused.

(Continued on Page 18)

BETSY HANKS GOES A VISITIN'

Third Prize Thanksgiving Story

By Elaine Christensen

"Wal, Pa, I jes' can't seem t' wait 'till tomorrow comes," broke out Betsy Hanks, startling the silence in the little cabin kitchen. "Ever since that big house was built, I've been achin' t' see inside of it. I allus told you that Mrs. Draws wouldn't forget her ol' neighbors."

"I thot we'd given up the ide' of havin' Thanksgivin' dinner with them, ma? Yu hadn't mentioned it of late, and I ain't been figgerin' on 't." And Sy Hanks had drawn on his rubber boots and started for the door.

"Lan' sakes!" gasped Betsy, "Yu ain't goin' back on me now air ye? Ain't I been brushin' up our Sunday Clothes so's we could look decent and respectable? I ain't had a day off since ol' man Perkins died year afore las, and now that we've got the first chance uv our lives to get among rich folks and get out o' this ol' shack yu say yu ain't goin'."

"Now, ma, I don't want it o 'pear that I'm again' you goin', but I don't take no stock in sech. I reckon I gotta stay home an' look after that thar sick cow anyway." With hand on door knob he turned an ear for ma's last words.

"Wal, I never see sich a man," she flipped out, and ma's lip curled in disgust and pity for a man so devoid of social aspirations.

"There ain't no use arguin' ol' woman. I can't go! I'd be better satisfied at home. Yes' me and you here and maybe Jane."

Betsy's knitting needles clicked fast and furiously. Her close-drawn lips scarcely parted to say in calm irony, "Yes, I guess you expect Jane."

The door closed slowly and pa was gone.

"Wal, I'll swan!" And Betsy looked perplexed. The knitting dropped into her lap; her shoulders drooped and she stared in vacant dejection into the fire.

At the sound of the slushing of rubber boots in the wet snow she drew herself up and resumed the knitting; resolution burned on her soft faded cheek.

Pa entered with an armful of wood and sent it crashing into the wood box.

"Now, mother, don't let my staying t'home stop you frum goin'. You can get along without me, can't you?"

"Yes, I think I'm going' to. I've jes plum made up my mind. 'Tain't my fault if yu want t' stick home and make yourself miserable." Betsy had quieted into simple firmness.

Sy Hanks poked up the fire and turned to his clay pipe and evening paper. His faded gray eyes wandered unconsciously past the head lines, over the rimmed spectacles to the flickering flames of the fire. The light in the clay pipe burned out.

missin' everybudy." Betsy choked

Next morning Betsey's eyes sparkled in anticipation and red glowed through the wrinkles in her cheek as she cautiously drew from the oven great round disks of squash pies. An old refrain came from the depths of her good old heart and floated out upon the crisp morning air to Sy Hanks, who was backing old Nel into the shafts. He paused for a moment, gripping the bridle firmly, and cast a side glance at the open window.

"I reckon ma ain't had no goin' out since we moved up here," he mused as he fastened a tug.

"Now, Sy," explained Betsy as she came out of the house tying the last knot in her fascinator and raised herself laboriously into the buggy. "Jes' leave them cranberries and that dressin' on the stove so's it won't get cold, and you kin warm up one o' them squash pies."

Sy Hanks lingered at the gate until the buggy jolted out of sight and turned slowly toward the empty house.

As Betsy Hanks was ushered into the shining dining room of the "rich folks" a little gasp of delight and surprise escaped her parted lips as her tired feet kept sinking down and down into the deep plush of the velvet rug. She blinked at the bright lights and nodded at the white statues. The array of silverware and the fragrance of flowers filled her with awe. She wondered, as she sat at the table and gazed at the mingled colors of table decorations, how on earth they were "goin' to eat all them new fangled dishes."

"My, would'nt pa enjoy this," she said half aloud as her teeth sank into the luscious meat of the steaming turkey. "It 'ud be jes' like that man to fuss over that sick cow and not eat a thing 'till I get back." A pang of pain wrinkled her brow and her old heart ached. It seemed she could see Sy out in the cold, hungry and lonesome.

Betsy forced the rest of the dinner down but it didn't taste like a "Thanksgivin' dinner oughta."

"Do come to the drawing room, Mrs. Hanks," said the smiling young hostess as she arose from her seat at the table and took Betsy's arm.

"Thank ye kindly, missus, but I cal'clate I'd better be gettin' back to Pa, I expect he'll be pretty lonesome a

(Continued on Page 10)

First Prize "Grant Oratorical Contest"

"The Past is Full of Glory and the Future Full of Promise"

Won by Vesta Pierce

When, in retrospect we look back over more than century of remarkable achievement to that day when God's truth was restored to earth, we see the hill Cumorah, sacred in all the annals of our people. We compare Cumorah with lofty Sinai, where Moses walked and talked with God. We compare it with the storied Mount of Transfiguration where ancient prophets beheld the matchless power and glory of God. We compare it with Calvary, desolate Calvary overlooking the temples of Jerusalem where the Saviour died that men might live and hope again. So in sacred veneration we hold Cumorah where the golden plates lay for centuries awaiting the time when their message of everlasting truth should be revealed..

The prophet Moroni, fleeing eastward from his victorious foes, placed the records of a vanquished people, there in the hill where no human hand should prematurely touch them. His duty was done and the Last of the Nephites turned away from the hill, away from the death and ruin around it, and the history of a mighty nation was sealed.

Years passed by. Generations passed away in the land of promise. Fierce tribes wandered through the forests, round the hill. Their war cries echoed through the trees. But they did not know that the history of their ancestors lay buried in that holy place.

More years passed and a fairer race came, people filled with hope. But they did not know that the greatest treasure of the new land was hidden there beneath their feet.

At last the time came when God's purposes were to be fulfilled. Men were restlessly searching among conflicting systems of phylosophy to find truth and spiritual satisfaction. But they seemed to search without light. A change from one system to another did not remedy the situation. Though our land was bright with liberty, the darkness of disorder and confusion had dimmed its spiritual light. The oracle of truth for ages had been silent.

So the latter gospel came in matchless power and glory. The portals of a world of light were opened. Brighter than the summer morning was the message from heaven. The priesthood of old was restored and the keys of heaven came to earth. In progressive restoration the principles of life and salvation in all the beauty of their simplicity came to be the beacon light of coming generations. The treasures of truth, which men in benighted ages had lightly thrown away came back to bless them through the ages.

God had not forgotten his promise made of old. Revelation had come back to earth to draw men closer to their maker. The first vision was the beginning of our glorious dispensation for the "clouds had rolled away in glory from the splendor of the hills." Like clear waters springing from the rocks and tumbling down the mountain side to become a force in all the valley, so God's word was to roll on and cover all the earth. Well might all the world rejoice and say with one accord, "The morning breaks, the shadows flee, to, Zion's standard is unfurled, the dawning of a brighter day majestic rises on the world."

Guided by that light the faithful gathered from among the nations, but in following that standard they were to know lights and shadows, hope and disappointment. They have known great joy when from homes of peace they watched the Father of Waters sweep in all its majesty past the fruitful fields of Nauvoo, where the last rays of the sun lingered o'er the meadowlands and fell softly on the first temple of the last dispensation.

But they have known the glory of sacrifice, sacrifice that brings strength and endurance, sacrifice that leads men to know and weigh values. The exodus of modern Israel can only be compared to that of Ancient Times when Moses lead the chosen people to their promised land. Leaving behind them their ruined homes, their fields where the ripening grain would never be gathered, lawns where their children would never play again, and gardens where the flowers blossomed unseen. Their's is a story unique in all the annals of history. In the face of oppression and disaster they did not doubt the conquering love of God. Our pride is in their glorious courage, in their unfaltering resolution. We bow in reverence to those heroic men and women, bravely struggling on.

But hope came to crown the years of suffering, when, halting on the mountain heights, they looked into a desert valley and saw the sage brush lands purple in the distance, where the blue rivers threaded their way to the inland sea. A wild beautiful land it was, promised to a people who knew the key to its treasures. There a great commonwealth was to be built, there temples would adorn the verdant hills. There would be the glory of a great civilization to take the place of the barren waste. The world marvels at the wisdom and industry that transformed desert lands into fertile valleys where orchards and gardens slope up to meet the blue of the hills. Without a parallel in all earth's history is the story of the conquest of the desert. Faith and industry were the keys that opened a world of promise.

Feeling the glory of the past and the power of the present we say with the exultation of youth, "Our God, our Father's God, Thou hast made thy children mighty by the touch of the mountain sod." The glory and achievement of the past foretells the promise of the future. "We look into the future, far as human eye can see, see the vision of the worlds and all the glory that will be." We look forward to some shinning future time when batlte flags are furled, in the parliament of nations, the federation of the world. We look forward to the glory of eternal worlds where there is no end to progress, where we shall take up the broken threads again and finish what we here began. We realize that the "sun that rises with us, our life's star, has had elsewhere its setting and cometh from afar, not in entire nakedness, and not in utter forgetfulness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our King." So we expect to go back to our Father's home where we shall always progress in the gospel of works. We hold life great and glorious but we know that it is only a stepping stone in the universal plan and so we say with joy, Happy Zion, what a favored lot is thine, thy past is full of glory and thy future full of promise."

WHITE AND BLUE

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GREETINGS FROM THE STAFF

At this period of the year, we feel thankful for the numerous blessings received from the alwise providence. We have again a bounteous harvest, and therefore no danger of famine.

America may have a few currs yelping at her hees but for the most part its surrounded by good stanch friends. Our state has made rapid progress in the past year. The condition of the B. Y. U. was never better. Therefore the White and Blue extend the hand of good fellowship to the faculty and student body. We wish you might find great joy and satisfaction in this season's festivities.

May our nation continue in its glorious course of helping humanity, may our stat e continue its rapid progress, may our school ever be the center of social service, and may our student body always be composed of he same bright, happy men and women.

———Y———

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THANKSGIVING DAY

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

"Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

"For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations."

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gather them out of the lands, from the East, and from the West, from the North and the South."

So sang the Psalmist David.

Ancient Israel had indeed cause for giving thanks unto God, for had not the destroying angel passed over their ruddy posted homes and left their first born unharmed while the children of the Egyptians were slain? Had not God brought them safely up out of the land of their oppressors? The Feast of the Passover was the Thanksgiving Day of ancient Israel.

Many centuries later the Pilgrim fathers left the old world and came to the new that they might worship God in freedom and in spirit. God blessed their harvest, and they gave thanks unto the Lord for his goodness.

The modern Thanksgiving Day was instituted. It is a heritage unto America, yes, unto all the world if all the world will receive it.

The Latter-day Saints are of Israel. The Mormon pioneers are of Pilgrim and Puritan descent. The precious heritage of thanks giving—of "serving the Lord with gladness." of "coming before his presence with singing," comes to the Latter-day Saints in double portion. Truly hath the Lord "gathered them out of the lands, from the West, from the East, from the North, and from the South."

Bounteously have this people received the blessings of the Lord in basket and in store. But let not our thanksgiving be for temporal blessings alone; for God has also given us his great spiritual light—"his truth that endureth to all generations."

Freely have we received; freely let us give. If our gifts be from purse or store house, let not ostentation enter in, nor hope of reward from men. If our gifts be of the soul of man, let humanity attend, and remembrace be that "God givith the increase." Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing." Such is the significance of Thanksgiving Day.

—J. M. Jensen

———Y———

The White and Blue staff extends the seasons greetings to the faculty, student body, and all other friends and enemies. We hope the adminstrative council will forget their responsibilities and for once act as ordinary humans. May the Physiologists and the Hygenists forget their laws and do full justice to a change of diet. Let the psychologist cease to philosphize and act natural. Our wish to the chemist is that he may dwell upon flavor rather than the formula of his Thanksgiving dinner. May the musicians find satisfaction in the smack of lips and the grind of teeth. The artist will be much happier if he will forget the lines and complimentary colors and pay attention to the taste buds. Any way whatever your calling may be, we wish you one good jolly time. May you find something to be thankful for; if nothing else be thankful you're alive and able to indulge in Thanksgiving Exams.

B. Y. U. LOSES TO LOGAN

"Y" Gridders Play Great Defensive Ball

As a result of last Saturday's football game with Logan, the "Y" High School was eliminated from the State Championship race. The game was played on the B. Y. C. campus at Logan, which is one of the fastest and best fields in the state. The Logan men were not as big as the Y boys but were much faster and more experienced. Their handling of the ball was inferior to that of our boys and several times they lost the ball on fumbles when they were within scoring distance. A notable feature of the game was the defence put up by the "Y" lads when the goal was threatened. Twice Logan was held for downs with a yard to go for a touch down, and once they failed to take the ball over in four downs, with only the line to go, and time after time they would advance the ball from the middle of the field only to be held on the 5 or 10 yard line, where "Hindu" Partridge would punt out of danger. The B. Y. were on the defensive in their own territory three-fourths of the time.

Schwab and Knowles, as quarter and full back respectively, were chief ground gainers of the day for Logan. The game was featured by long end runs by these two men, and new interference not encountered by the Provoites this fall. Logan scored 7 in the first quarter and for the next two quarters was unable to penetrate the "Y" defense. In the fourth quarter Logan started with a rush and pushed across another touch down. The "Y" boys making a desperate bid for victory, opened up their aerial game and with Dixon on the receiving end of two long passes that netted 60 yards, Pyne went thru the line making five yards for a touch down. Logan scored two more touchdowns in this period due to the chances the "Y" lads were taking in hard endavors to score. An intercepted forward pass caused the first and a blocked punt resulted in the other.

The team as a whole playd good defensive ball McIntosh, making several sensational tackles of men who were headed for sure touch downs. Peterson at end was hurt during the first ten minutes of the

(Continued on Page 22)

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THIS MAGAZINE?

Do You Want a Permanent One?

This is the first of the special editions that the White and Blue will publish during the year. According to the resolution which passed the Board of Control four of such numbers will be edited.

The staff submits it to the readers for their consideration and verdict. The students must decide. The student officers have felt for sometime that a literary magazine was a necessary corollary of the Greater College Movement. Investigation and study have enlarged this conviction.

A literary magazine is necessary for the expression of the literary talent of the school. It is an incentive for the English Department.

The response and cooperation of the English Department for this issue almost one hundred stories being entered for the story contest—proves the need of such a magazine. An increased interest is manifest thruout the student body.

This number is not distinctly a literary number. The original plan was to have it printed separately and in addition to the newspaper. Finances have this year prevented the realization of this ideal. Hence, the paper has in part had to take the part of both. It should contain only essays, stories poems and other literary attempts.

If the students—you dear reader—like this number and would like to see a regular distinctive literary magazine next year printed monthly, now is the time to start agitation.

Nearly every college of any rank in the country has a literary journal. Even many high schools have their magazines, in addition to their newspaper.

Speak up students. It is up to you to make the decision.

Will your story make us laugh? Send it in.
Send along a photograph—Send it in,
Never mind about your style
If it's only worth the while,
And will make the reader smile,
Send it in.

SUPT. BENNION DELIVERS ADDRESS

Discourses on Value of Education

Previous to the teams departure for Logan we were privileged to hear a characteristic address by Superintendent Bennion.

In his inspirational way he pointed out four reasons why Young men and women should attend College. Under the heading "Go To College to Be Fashionable," the speaker contended that after all we are creatures of habit and fashion, and that it is always good style to attend school. The second reason advanced was that Education makes for intellectual power. "It is impossible to think if one has nothing to think about," asserted Professor Bennion. "Go to College for Fellowship" was another reason advanced and President Ballif was quoted as saying, "If you don't get anything else out of college, get a wife."

The final reason for College work as emphasized by Superintendent Bennion was "It teaches a man his own divinity." The speakers conception of heaven was "a place where one could be with his true friends and have the opportunity to do the things he likes."

—Y—

WINNERS OF WHITE & BLUE CONTEST

The White and Blue staff extends its appreciation to those students who contributed to the contests. Over seveny-five stories were handed in, and nearly all of them were meritorous. We wish to thank the instructors of the English Department for work in stirring up enthusiasm among the students and also correcting and judging papers. Their efforts were untiring. Miss Helen Candland received first prize in the story contest, Miss Lorna Bagley's story was awarded second place and Miss Elaine Christensen's, third. Miss Wanda Boyack wrote the prize poem. Only two essays were handed in one of these being submitted after the time of closing the contest and therefore the essay contest was not held. Mr. La Relle Bushman painted the winning cover design.

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—most fetching in style

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—oxfords and pumps—

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—shoes specially priced from

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—we have so many styles and tones in pumps, oxfords and shoes that you can find just what you want without looking further.

Taylor Brothers Company

THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

LADIES' SHOE DEPT.

FIRST PRIZE SCHOOL SONG

B. Y. U. WE LOVE YOU

By Alberta Huish

Tune—"California"

I

We love you dear old College,
We are heart and soul for you;
We love the things you stand for
And we'll fight to bear them through.
We love your glorious banner,
To it's colors we are true,
We love you B. Y. College
And we'll always stand by you.

Chorus:

Then we'll cheer for our dear B. Y. College
Yes all hail to the B. Y. U.
On the land or the sea,
It is here we would be,
'Neath the folds of the White and Blue,
We will carry our emblem before us,
It gives strength to dare and do,
We will fight B. Y. U.
To bring victory to you,
For we love you, dear old College.

II

We love you dear old College,
In our hearts you have a place
That no span of time can alter
And no other school replace,
We love you B. Y. College
May your torch of wisdom shine
Above our lofty mountains
And its glory grow with time.

or

We love you, dear old B. Y. College,
In our hearts you have a place
That no span of time can alter
And no other school replace,
We love those grand old leaders,
Who have made you what you are,
We love your torch of wisdom
May it's glory shine afar.

FACULTY THESPIANS PRESENT DISRAELI

Professors Star in Great Masterpiece

Provo will remember last Friday as the day when the Faculty Thespions presented "Disraeli."

The presentation was a great success. The characters lived again the lives of the Gladstone——Disraeli period. The audience was made to feel the difficulties and problems of Nations. The historical atmosphere of the play seemed almost real.

The cast was well selected. Prof. T. Earl Pardoe in the extremely and interesting role of the Rt. Hon. Benjamin Disraeli gave a good interpretation of that master mind of Jews. His alternate appeal to the senses of humor, sympathy and love won applause from the audience. The other members of the cast took their part well.

The stage settings and costumes were very beautiful. Altogether the presentation merited even a larger

——Y——

B. Y. U. STUDENTS RECEIVE Y. M. C. A. SCHOLARSHIPS

At the close of the late war the Y. M. C. A. had a considerable financial surplus. The problem of distributing the fund to the satisfaction of supporters, was solved by granting scolarships to ex-service men. Committees were appointed in every state to gather statistics and make awards.

Through the efforts of the local committees several awards have been made, amounting to approximately $900. Among the B. Y. students receiving grants are: George S. Ballif, Lavon Billings, Clinton Larson, J. Stanley Harrison, Berk Thomas and Fred Sutherland.

Professor Pardoe, to whom a great amount of credit is due, informes us that there is still several hundred dollars to be distributed, and information is sought regarding student ex-service men.

——Y——

The White and Blue desired to print the other winning Essay also, but by the time of the contest, most of the magazine was set in type and consequently the remaining space would not permit.

BETSY HANKS GOES A VISITIN'

(Continued from Page 5)

back a sigh.

As the dusk of the chill November day blended into night, Betsy Hanks, with her head thrust low against the biting breeze, climbed slowly out of the buggy before the path of her little home.

The pale yellow light from the window fell upon the frozen drifts of snow. The smoke from the chimney curled lazily through the hazy air.

"Pore ol' lonesome pa." And Betsy's eyes filled to the brim with hot tears.

She paused upon the doorstep to shake the drenching sleet from her fascinator and coat. Before she could lift a weary foot the door was flung open and a daughter's loving arms encircled her bent shoulder, and two warm lips soothed the pain in the wrinkled brow.

"Got home, hev' ye, Mother?" greeted pa as he raised from the head of the table where he had been slicing cold meat, and placed a chair by his side for Betsy.

"Wal, bless my soul!" Ma stood in the door-way. She leaned backward, drew her hands to her lips, and stood staring like a statue.

Pa poked up the fire and stood tip-toeing backward and forward as he regarded his wife with almost child-like delight.

A spotless white apron was drawn over Betsy's "bes' dress" and a fervent prayer of Thanksgiving bounded from the depths of her soul in a feeble strain of "mid pleasures and palaces, there's no place like home."

As the old couple and their little "gal" sat at the supper table Betsy Hanks declared it was the heartiest meal she had eaten since "Jane's weddin' day."

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All Men's and Boys' SUITS

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All Men's and Boys' OVERCOATS

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DISCOUNT

Cut Prices on everything in our
ENTIRE STOCK

Shoes at Bargain Prices

CHRISTENSEN COMPANY

154 West Center Street

PRESIDENT GRANT'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVED

President Heber J. Grant's sixty-fourth birthday was fittingly commemorated Monday with the Grant Oratorical contest.

The theme "The Past is Full of Glory the Future full of Promise" furnished an excellent subject for the dedication of the day's efforts. Miss Vesta Pierce won the College contest and Miss Boyle was awarded first place in the High School. President Brimhall paid a beautiful tribute to President Grant, and Supt. Bennion gave us cause for Thanksgiving and renewed activity when he reminded us of the great tenacity and perseverance of God's Prophet. At one time in the Mormon leader's life, when he was a young man was sent to be President of Tooele Stake, it was stated that he could not even speak seven minutes "without running out." At another time in his life when the doctors told him he had only one chance in a thousand to recover from a critical case of Appendicitis Pres. Grant "pulled thru on the one chance." Another period in his life found him uttering defiance at his music teachers who had told him he couldn't possibly learn to "carry a tune." Thousands of attempts every day to distinguish between "do" and ra made him finally become a great singer. At another time when he had signed his name to a business document the receiver of the paper thot that they had been sent back for recopying—that possibly a hen had stepped in the ink bottle and then on the document. The President now is a beautiful writer.

After these inspirational epochs in President Grant's life had been told the student body, with almost one mighty voice it seemed, sang "We Thank The Oh God for a Prophet."

President Ballif in delivering the benediction voiced the sentiment of all present by thanking the Lord for the Gospel and His Prophet.

——Y——

A New York Judge has ruled that love is insanity.

Well men go crazy over girls don't they?

Blackburn College, Illinois, has every available space filled and the authorities were forced to turn away 175 prospective students.

Eatable Eats

AT

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TOY LAND AND TOY BARGAINS

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EVERYTHING FOR THE KIDDIES

Bring them in and see the toys at

BEE'S

362 West Center Street Provo, Utah

PROF. LARSON TALKS ON COLOR

It was the privilege of the Drama Circle on Wednesday last to listen to a very interesting lecture on "Color" given by Professor Larsen. The chief purpose was to give the members a slight insight into the science and harmony of colors which might for example, be of assistance to some lady of a rosy face or temper to avoid red millinery or a typical Freshman to avoid to much of his native hue.

The members learned that colors because of the sensations they produce or thru historical or traditional significance represent definite moods or feelings. For instance red suggests love, royalty, fire and is stimulating, green stands for love, spring, victory and is restful, blue is associated with heaven, fidelity and is depressing; violet stands for passion, suffering and so forth. Various colors also have a tendency to change size, as real gray and tan tend to enlarge, black to diminish, while green and brown usually hold their own.

There are only three primary colors namely, red, yellow, and bule each of which has a complement. Very interesting to note too is the fact that the eye, after focussing its attention on the primary color, tires, and then supplies the complement. All the colors outside of the true colors are simply mixtures to produce the various hues we know of. Strange, but true also is the law that in mixing two colors the result is as similar as possible to the original.

On the whole the lecture was very interesting, entertaining and instructive, and all seemed to heartily join in the wish expressed by Miss Eggertsen, that Professor Larson be invited sometime later to continue the same subject.

———Y———

PRINCETON DEBATE.

Try-outs for the biggest debate of the year will be held under the auspices of the Debating Management Wednesday, December 1, 1920, the question is: "Resolved, That Congress should pass a Law Prohibiting Strikes in Essential Industries Constitutionality Granted." Speeches may be prepared on either side of the question. They are not to be under ten minutes in length. A three-man team is to be chosen and college students are eligible. See West Parkinson for particulars.

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—by—

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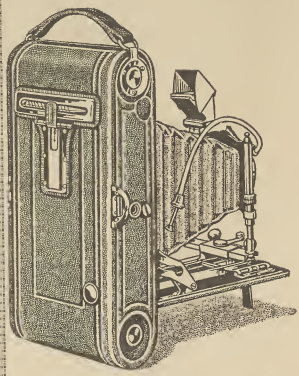

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CHRISTMAS EDITION PRIZES ANNOUNCED

There will be another special edition of the White and Blue at Christmas. A prize of five dollars will be given to the students winning in any of the following contests: Cover design, Frontispeice design, Christmas Essay, Christmas Story, Christmas Poem.

Essay's and stories should be from one thousand to two thousand words in length. The contest for all these departments will close Saturday, December 11th at 6 p. m. The articles must be in final form on this date.

The experience of the staff with this number is responsible for the time limit being announced this early. The Art Department, moreover, has promised cooperation and will make some good cuts illustrating the stories etc.

The contests are open to all students. The White and Blue would like to have the same response to these contests that it had in the story contest of this issue.

——Y——

WHITE AND BLUE TO BE SENT TO-ALL HIGH SCHOOLS

The petition of the White and Blue asking for finance to publish additional copies to be used for advertising has been acted on favorably, in part, by the Executive Council.

Under the plan the school paper will be sent to every high school, every Seminary, and every Academy in Utah. Every high school in Idaho, and Arizona which has either sent students to the B. Y. U. or has "Y" graduates on the faculty will also receive the White and Blue.

The staff feels this plan will be helpful in advertising the school and congratulates the Executive Council on its action.

——Y——

The Oratorical Contest on "The Past is full of Glory and the future full of Promise" was successful in creating a great deal of interest. Scores of papers were written on the subject. The papers of Miss Melva Boyle and Miss Fern Roundy were selected from the high school for the final contest, and those from the college were written by Mr. Karl Stott and Miss Vesta Pierce.

STAFF HAS A REAL PARTY

The Editor and the Manager of the White and Blue condensed their best efforts of Social Perfection into a staff party, Friday evening.

The staff members occupied the box-seats at the theatre and enjoyed "Disraeli." We laughed at the wit, interpreted the characters, sympathized with the hero, and loved the heroine more than any other group in the audience.

From the theatre we joyfully made our way to the White and Blue office. We are safe in saying that the clock on the east wall has never witnessed such scenes of merriment. A more varied collection of "nuts" has never been put together, the candy and cookies were of the best kind, and the punch and ice cream were worth trying—more than once. After the Editor had lost his reckoning cap, and we had recovered from the effects of the train wreck, Harrison West, Markham and Billings launched out on a joke telling contest, which was later (?) broken up by the crowing of the cocks.

When the hands of the clock, which had been stopped since last April, registered 11:30, the merry makers ventured out into the darkness, leaving the Editor sweeping the office floor.

——Y——

SPANISH CLUB NOTES

La Tertuila Espanolo met in the Art Gallery Monday at 4:30. We saw the announcement cards and you may be sure we were all there. Even some visitors caught the spirit and came.

First there were a few perliminary remarks, then we had games. They were the most fun! We had the judge de Porque y el Juigo del litras de polavars and several others. Then we had the song "La Palorna" given in duet form by Gloria Mangum and her sister.

Although we had "una hora feliz" one which we can be thankful for during our vacation.

We wish everybody else as "buen tiempo" as we are going to have during our holidays.

—Sadie Ollerton

'mDtook

——Y——

"Why does a preacher have an easier time than a doctor or lawyer?"

"It's easier to preach than practice."

Hansen Catering Co.

for Your Refreshments

LUNCHEONS

Candies Made Fresh Daily

HOT DRINKS SERVED

What to Give and Where to Get it for Christmas

you will find an immediate answer in our Holiday Display of

Toys, Books, Fancy Goods, Dolls, Chinaware, Cut Glass

We shall deem it a privilege to show you these beautiful gifts and extend a hearty welcome whether you come to see or buy at——

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NUTS and CANDIES

Visit Toyland ....

EVERYTHING FOR THE KIDDIES

CHRISTMAS

****

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QUALITY AND SERVICE

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STUDENTS

ALWAYS REMEMBER

Provo Tailoring Company

For Your

CLEANING AND PRESSING

WHEN YOU HAVE TO SNICKER.

ON KISSING.

Kissing is usually the result of two faces coming together. The best forms are generally given in front of the house where the big tree casts its shadow. The most public form is the kissing of a baby when one wishes the fact to be known that there is a great love of children.

Kisses used to be given rather awkwardly—especially the first kiss. Everyone now knows how or he is branded as a highbrow. By this I mean he does not attend the movies.

There are several kinds of kisses. There is the kind the husband gives his wife after he has wiped his mouth with the breakfast napkin. This is short, hurried and apparently gives no enjoyment. There is the kind of a kiss the maiden aunt puts on the back of a baby's neck—given rather selfishly, I think, because the baby manifestly does not like it. Then there is the kiss a girl gives to her friend when they turn their separate ways and there are two boys looking on.

Most people look forward to, or look backward on, the kiss given after a declaration of love. This may or may not be the first lover's kiss. It is generally known as the soul variety and as a usual thing is very long.

It is a very potent means of spreading germs. It is also very enjoyable, but, because of this reason, scientists, doctors and old women who think the world is growing worse are extremely set against it.

Kissing is probably a practice that will never go out of use by the young and rising generation.

—Sadie Ollerton.

—Y—

THANKSGIVING EXCHANGES

Will exchange my chemical formula for "home brew" for the necessary ingredients.—Lloyd Randall.

Will exchange my statistics used in the recent debate for a little light on the subject.—Harold Brown.

I will exchange the attendance at church service of my theology class for an essay on political science.—Christian Jensen.

Will exchange 400 English themes for ten minutes PEACE.—Miss Hickman.

Jane: I'll exchange Bill for West any old day after Thanksgiving.

I'll exchange my Thanksgiving dinner for a new girl.—Dan Keeler.

After November 25th I'll exchange Maude for a new bicycle.—Fred.

I'll exchange my class room missionary course for front porch instructions.—Mr. Hubbard.

I'll exchange four hours hard earned chemistry credit for a chance to answer one question in History class.—Arch Reynolds.

I'm a commercial student, but I'll exchange a slide rule for a good culture ofw bacteria because it'll multiply rapidly.—Wayne Mayhew.

Brevity is the soul of Authorship.—Prof. Reynolds.

——Y——

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

WANTED—A magnet to attract cats and dogs. See Bill Harrison, Sanctum, H. S. Building.

LOST—My temper, it's quick and devilish. Finder please return to E. H. Harter.

FOUND—A pre-historic chew of gum. Owner may have same by calling at the registrars office and describing lost article.

FOR SALE—An excellent collection of slams indexed and typed.
—Hubbard

WANTED TO BUY—A second hand engagement ring cheap.
Apply to Editor.

WANTED TO RENT—A nice quite flat ready for occupancy at Christmas.
——George Ballif

WANTED TO BUY—A well trained vacuum cleaner.
—Archie West

WANTED INFORMATION—That will lead to the arrest and conviction of the promulgator of the doctrine, "If you don't get anything else out of college, get a wife."
—Algie Eggertsen

——Y——

"Daughter I hope you will go to church this evening. The speaker's subject, "An hour with Favorite Hymns; should be very interesting."

"I should like very much to go dad, but I have an engagement with my own him."

The mere thought of Christmas always brings to the mind a town's leading Jewelry store.
EVERY ARTICLE BACKED BY THE
Beckstead Jewelry Co's. Guarantee
No gift is as pleasing—no gift gives the same touch of personal remembrance as a token of JEWELRY
A small deposit will reserve any article until Christmas
BECKSTEAD JEWELRY CO.
36 West Center St. Phone 52

We Leave No Stone Unturned
to insure your satisfaction when you honor us with a visit. We are always digging away at the task of serving you still better.
PICTURE FRAMING AND ART MATERIAL A SPECIALTY.
PROVO PAINT & GLASS CO.

Buick
Let us Demonstrate it!
Telluride Motor Co.
When better Automobiles are built Buick will build them

THE TEAM'S THANKSGIVING

(Continued from Page 4)

At a sound from the opposite bed the coach sat up alert.

"Well, how are you old boy?"

The blankness of Harv's look increased.

"How am I? Never felt better!" He climbed out of bed and strutted around the room.

Now it was the coach's turn to look blank. His jaw dropped. "Why don't you know!" he ejaculated.

"Know—know what? Say what's the joke anyway!"

An enormous grin spread over the Old Man's face. He fairly beamed.

"Why of course you don't know that we played Mayville yesterday and you got knocked out."

Harv's big ha! ha! ha! filled the room. "I did! well that's good! I can't remember a thing."

The familiar laugh brought the boys bounding into the room. After the joyous hubbub quieted a little, the doctor came in to give his verdict.

The telegram received that morning by the nerve-wrought sister read:

"We'll say we're thankful! Harv's as good as new."

The Team

——Y——

DR. CARROLL ADDRESSES CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Monday, the 15th, Dr. Carroll talk to the Chemistry Society on the relation of Chemistry to medicine.

Chemistry, according to the speaker, is the foundation of modern medicine and is used in practically every field of that profession. Among the specific fields Prof. Carroll mentioned were the uses of Chemistry in Diagnosis, in Surgery, in criminal poisoning and in the production of antitoxins. In these fields, through Chemistry, many valuable discoveries have been made that have been of unlimited good to the race. There is yet a great and splendid work to be done by the Chemists of the future.

November the 29th Miss Ethel Cutler will talk to the society on the Relation of Chemistry to Diatetics. Every domestic science girl as well as all the men who desire to be well fed should hear this lecture.

——Y——

Armistice Day Reflections

Difference between a cootie and a Rookie?

A rookie is a primitive type of U. S. soldier that cuties brawse upon.

—Moody

THE SCHWAB CLOTHING CO.
is offering special values in all Wool Suits and Overcoats this week at
$35, $40 and $45
Come In And Take a Look
Schwab Clothing Company
"DRESSERS OF MEN AND BOYS"

PRICE BREAKING SALE
in
Ladies' Coats, Suits, Dresses, Shoes, Hose, Etc.
COME WHILE THEY LAST
FARRER BROS. & CO.
29 to 33 North University Avenue Provo

PHONE 194 or 195 FOR——
FRESH MILK AND CREAM
FROM JERSEY COWS
SUTTON MARKET
72 and 78 West Center Street. Provo, Utah

Men's Suits, Shoes, Hats, Furnishings---
Its not the PRICE YOU PAY, but the QUALITY you get that counts
FLETCHER-THOMAS CO.

And yet the naughty girls
That pull their eyebrows out
Will marry dreadful country churls
That let their whiskers sprout.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chaperone she needs till she
Can call some chap-her-own.

—Y—

Be sure to have an aim in life before you pull the trigger.

B. Y. U. Definitions

Ginger Snap—"A red-headed girl catching her beau kissing a meek blond.

Doughnut—a flirtation with nothing in it.

A fighting chance—20 per cent and two zeros.

Virginia, (singing)—How'd you like to be my daddy?"

Dan—"I'd rather be your hubby."

Virginia (confusedly)—"Oh Dan, why don't you shave?'

In Theology

"The pioneers landed in Salt Lake valley July 24, 1847."

"Did you say landed?"

"Yes landed."

"Why did you say landed? They had not been on the water."

"Well, they crossed the plains in Pararie Schooners did they not?"

"Got anything in your cellar to keep you warm next winter?"

"Nothing but coal."

The ugliest man in France got his share of hugs. I speak from experience.

—Archie West

The man who blows off at the mouth at low pressure is like a paper boiler.

—Prof. Eyring

—Y—

JAZZ.

An awful tintinabulation—
An audible hallucination—
A noise like nothing in creation—
That is jazz.

Animated syncopation—
Swaying, meaningless gyration—
An excess perspiration—
That is jazz.

A snappiness of converation—
A cheerful, amiable sensation—
A sort of mild intoxication—
That, too, is jazz.

—Jack-o-Lantern.

for Thanksgiving

We hesitate a day from our regular doings, close up shop and gather with the family to look back over the many blessings of the day and register our thankfulness for the good fortune that has been ours, in a happy feast of good things, reflecting the good times in which we live.

May we always take this opportunity to thank you, kind reader of our advertisements, for the many favors which you have extended us in your patronage through the medium of these printed pages:

Wood-Clifton Co.

SUTTON CAFE
"A Good Place To Eat"

Students Attention—Christmas is coming—
You will want some beautiful gifts, We carry the finest line in the City, and save you money.
COLUMBIA MUSIC & JEWELRY CO.
176 West Center Street Phone 99

-:- HARDWARE -:-
Guns, Amunitions and Fishing Tackles, Etc.
W. H. FRESHWATER
136 West Center Street Phone 123

A Tremendous Smash

in

SHOE PRICES

The Greateet Bargains in Years will be found here

It is positivily one of the most extraordinary sale events ever held in this City, offering every new style, "The English Walking Brogue," the new brown shade, in military heel, etc.

DON'T MISS IT

IRVINE'S

"The Furniture Center"

Barton Furniture Co.

AT THE BAR

T'was on the day of judgment
When all the classmen stood
Before St. Peter at the bar
To answer, "bad or good."

The Freshmen, although numerous
Were pale with trembling fear
They thought of cradles, bibs and toys
And sadly shed a tear.

Up stepped a haughty Senior lad
Assurance in his mein
He dreamed of laurels justly earned
And glory yet unseen.

What hast thou done, St. Peter said
While on earth thy mortal sphere
To warrant thee eternal bliss
Amidst the good saints here?

I ruled my school with iron hand
The Senior made reply;
I taught the Juniors, Freshies, Sophs.
To honor me or die.

I even bossed the worthy Profs.
Who dared to question me,
And bid them all look up to me
No matter who they be.

Enough, enough, thou wicked one
Make haste to go below,
If this is all that thou hast done
Thou deservest grief and woe.

St. Peter slowly mopped his brow
Then to the next one said,
What deeds of greatness hast thou done
That thou art warranted?

To show thy face within these reams
Of peaceful, happy, bliss?
The Junior, with a cheerful grin
Undaunted, answered this:

I sluffed my classes every one
And shirked my lessons too
There was no mischief in our school
But what I helped to do.

How dare you show your face in here
The good saint lowdly cried
Depart the way thou camest in
The Senior be thy guide!

The next in line may take the stand
And please to answer me
If thou art just a Sophomore
What can I do for thee?

The worthy Sophomore made answer thus:
Of frolic I was king,
I made the College halls resound
And e'er the rafters ring.

Such frivolous and foolish acts
May well deserve the flame,
Just take thee down to realms below
I knowest not thy name.
And now my tiny little one
What fortune brings thee now
Please sir, the little Freshie cried
A laurel for my brow.

I helped the Seniors with their sums
And did my lessons learn.
Be gone! be gone, thau foolish knave
Thou art too green to burn!

K. F.

——Y——

JUST SOMETHING

The timely discussion on which I" commence,
Without pride or boasting it's surely immense,
No doubt dearest reader, you'll surely recall
This story of lunch, class, or out in the hall,
That there's something mysterious like, creeping in use,
Something that's real, yet appears an excuse,
Something that sometimes is dark, sometimes light
Something that's cobwebby fine, yet has might,.
Something that's part of the feminine fair,
Something indeed, that pertains to the hair;
For rather than not wearing this to a class,
T'were better, far better, to miss it, alas!
Else what were her standing, her beauty, her art?
Her means of ensnaring the masculine heart?
Why surely my readers ,you all will agree,
They'd be shipwrecked,and scattered abroad o'er the sea!
Need I tell you the name? Can you not guess it yet?
Why surely—of course—just the simple hair net!

—Diana

——Y——

If you have a bit of news—Send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse—Send it in.
A story that is true, Or an incident that's new.
We want to hear from you—Send it in.

No greater compliment could be paid any girl——she made other girls wish to be good.

"Music is the maple syrup of the soul."

—Opie Reed

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B. Y. U. LOSES TO LOGAN

(Continued from Page 8)

game, but played the remainder of the game in a dazed condition. The last play of the game was a forward pass to him which he caught in the open field with a clear path for a touch down but he was not strong enough to carry the ball over the line and collapsed with 30 yards to go and had to be carried from the field.

The entire back field played good defensive ball, and Jackson in the center of the line was a rock of defense. When the goal line was threatened the whole line starred, and held like a stone wall.

Lineup and summary:

"Y" H. S.		Logan H. S.
Swenson	l e	Growther
Anderson	l t	Gibbons
Bowman	l g	Jeffs
Jackson	c	Turner
Hatch	r g	Briady
Bench	r t	Baugh
Peterson	r e	Woodside
McIntosh	q	Schwab
Pyne	l h	Nibley
Chamberlain	r h	McMurdie
Partridge	f b	Knowles

Substitutes: Logan, Lewis for Schwab; Davis for McMurlie; Crawther for Knowles; Blanchard for Crowther. Provo, Dixon for Swenson; Keeler for Chamberlain.

Score by periods:

Logan,	7	0	0	21
"Y" H. S.	0	0	0	7

Scoring touch downs:

Knowles, Schwab, Nibley 2, Pyne.

Goal after touch down:

Partridge 1, Schwab 3, Crowther 1.

—Y—

No man can have his cake and eat it too, and yet we go squandering money and thinking life is so costly.

Ignorant people are born critics.

Touch-and-go visitors may be the sort who never want to find out whether you are wearied of them or not.

No, Pordella, the woman never lived who didn't think her lover looked grand in a dress suit.

"It doesn't hurt me much but it does do her such a terrible lot of good I just let her pound away." A broom-stick husband.

An Irishman to his sweetheart. "I don't see why we couldn't agree like that cat and dog?"

"Just tie them together and see how they'll fight.'

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BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

FROM SUPT. BENNION'S ADDRESS

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub at the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,,
Some highway to happier make,
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,,
There's something for all of us here;
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't the size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are.
illfw

———Y———

THE STUDENT S CREED.

I believe in the great, beautiful, God-made country. I believe in the peaceful valleys, the eternal hills, the sparkling waters, and the silent forests. I believe in Agriculture. I believe that the foundation of all wealth lies in the soil. I believe in the dignity of labor and in the honorable calling of the teacher. I believe that success comes to him who recognizes opportunity and accepts it. I believe that my success as a student depends not upon my condition in life, but upon myself; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe that life's rarest privilege is to work, to feel, to know; that the most successful life is the one of greatest service. I believe in giving the best I possess and demanding the best in others. I believe that whatsoever is worth doing is worth doing well. I believe in myself, and I dedicate my life to the proposition, I WILL. —Revised by R. N.

———Y———

"I appeal to you from the highest motive, The love of duty to reverence your God and say continually in your hearts, "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."
—Pres. Brimhall

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60c Loose Coffee, lb.....**45¢**
50c Arbuckle Coffee ..... **35¢**
75c Malt Syrup, can.....**65¢**
Navy Beans, lb ..... **10¢**
Crackers. large ..... **15¢**
Crackers, small, 2 for.....**15¢**
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Pork and Beans, med. .... **15¢**
1 lb. Hunt's Bakng Powder (1 pie tin free) ..... **30¢**
Whole Corn, cwt..... **$3.00**
Sego Milk, large size cans, case **$6.50**

15c bottle Blueing ..... **10¢**
20c Jap Rice, lb. ..... **10¢**
65c Shilling's Coffee, ... **55¢**
2½-lb . Shilling's Coffee for.. ..... **$1.35**
5 lb. Shilling's Coffee, for **$2.75**
10 lb. pail Karo Syrup, for..... ..... **$1.00**
Goblin Soap, bar ..... **5¢**
Duck Soap, bar ..... **5¢**
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Rose Bath Soap, bar ..... **5¢**
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BOYS EXPRESS THEMSELVES IN DEBATE

"No women in heaven, for the Bible says," "And there was silence in heaven for the space of one-half hour."

—Wilkinson in Debating Society

"Cleopatra caused Caeser's downfall."

—K. Stewart in Debating Society

"Emma Goldman was an advocate of True love and true love leads to anarchy."

—Whitehead in Debating Socitey

"If it wasn't for man there would have been no women as woman came from a measly rib of Adam,"

—Royden Dangerfield in Debating Society.

"The girls say women stay home, but they don't, they go "gallavantin," and leave the kids.'

—Kilton Stewart in Debating Society.

"It says in the Bible, I forget where,"—"Women should keep silent and let their husbands talk—even in the church their silence should be heard."

Harold Brown in Debating Society.

"Eve knew she shouldn't take the apple but she did it to please herself, Adam didn't want the apple but he took it to please Eve,"

—Algenon Redford in Debating Society.

—Y—

Nellie talking in her sleep after an oyster supper—"Le Roy Whitehead, you brute, let go of me."

It is better to shake hands than to shake friends.

When is a girl like a clock? That's easy when both hands are at work on her face, of course.

Men are so contrary that if their wives wanted them to stay out late they probably wouldn't do it.

Hiram—"Smithers claims to be a self-made man."

Maude—"That relieves somebody of a terrible responsibility.'

Teacher—"Can you say three words in a dead language?"

Student—"Sloe gin fizz."

—Philip Porter, Ohio State '22.

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